

Dec. 17, Monday

Dear Vickie and Jimmy,

I have a sore finger caused from a little cut and since I have a bandage on it I thought it would better to write than type.

The Christmas party was delightful which was held at the Hyatt Regency which is our big new building on 8th and Bellevue way. It is huge and has garret—I mean Valet parking.

Jimmy when you threw out ^{gar}possessions from the attic last summer, I didn't think at the time to mention the sleeping bags so this Sunday (yesterday) Diane and Gavin came over and Gavin climbed up the ladder and tossed down the sleeping bags which I want to give away for the poor people. There are four of them. I had colas and Brownies for them, plus sandwiches and potato chips and I gave Diane five dollars for gas. She has to deliver Gavin also and he lives on the far side of Renton. He is a nice boy and Diane seems to be the one who like to cuddle up even when I am in the

other room and they are watching television and I am in and out. I like it that way, other than a braver boy making all of the advances. I don't know who I've inherited her ways from.

Dad is getting new glasses this week and then he will take the driver's test, but as you know he has really passed all ready. It is windy and stormy today and a little snow is in the forecast.

Wish your birthday will be coming esp. the day before Elmer's and I will be thinking of you. The trip to New York sounds great and it will be nice returning home via train sleeper. I hope you can catch up on your sleep the next day.

Mary had her counseling test Friday, which consisted of setting in an office with her desk and counseling ~~at~~ a disturbed client, who actually was one of the pros who was there to criticize ~~me~~. I know I spelled that wrong. He had a few things to point out but said she did very well. I had better stop for now. I seem to be rambling on.

Love,

Mom
CH